

T H E  
CHILDREN'S FRIEND;

CONSISTING OF  
APT TALES, SHORT DIALOGUES,  
AND MORAL DRAMAS;

ALL INTENDED  
To engage ATTENTION, cherish FEELING,  
and inculcate VIRTUE, in  
THE RISING GENERATION.

TRANSLATED BY  
The Rev. MARK ANTHONY MEILAN,  
From the FRENCH of M. BERQUIN.

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V O L. XIII.

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L O N D O N:

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THE DANGER OF BAD COMPANY,  
*from the Comtesse de Genlis' Lectures  
pour les Enfants.*

THE WATCH, *from the twentieth Vo-  
lume.*

NO GENEROSITY WITHOUT A SA-  
CRIFICE, *from the Comtesse de Gen-  
lis.*



*These transpositions and interpolations  
are owing to two reasons; first, because  
Mr. Berquin's thirteenth volume contains  
subjects that have all of them a re-  
ference to the custom universally pre-  
valent in France, of making new-year's  
gifts; which pieces the translator  
thought, for the sake of variety, should*

not come together. He has therefore brought in *The Watch*, from the twentieth volume, instead of one thrown out in this; and which will appear in the said twentieth volume: And secondly, because there is still another volume of the *Children's Friend*, that, in the original, has no drama; on which account, the accompanying is introduc'd from *Madame de Genlis*; as *Mr. Berquin's* other works would not supply the translator with an additional drama, as it did before in volume fifth. The brevity of this interpolated piece, renders the insertion of some other necessary, which is also selected from the same *Lady's* works, namely, *The Danger of Bad Company*.



*BETTER TO GIVE THAN RE-  
CEIVE.*

---

THISBE and LÆTITIA.

THISBE.

WHAT a charming day is Christmas Monday, when one has such handsome presents! how I long to see it!

LÆTITIA.

O don't speak about it, sister. The first five and twenty days of this dull gloomy month, appear much longer



*BETTER TO GIVE, &c.* 5  
than the rest all put together. What fine things we are to have! I dream about them every night, and wake a dozen times, when Christmas Monday is the first thing I think of.

THISBE.

Do you recollect, last year, how all Mama's acquaintance brought us play-things and confectionary. We had really so much, we knew not where to put them.

LÆTITIA.

They were spread upon a large square table, and Mama came out to call us with her charming voice. Come, come, said she, and take these presents. She embrac'd us and shed tears. I never saw her half so happy

6 *BETTER TO GIVE*

as that day, when she beheld us jump about the room for joy.

THISBE.

I think indeed, she seem'd much happier than ourselves.

LÆTITIA.

One would have thought, 'twas she that had receiv'd the Christmas boxes.

THISBE.

There must consequently be a pleasure, I suppose, in giving : so I'll tell you what we ought to do, Lætitia. We are very little, and of course have little we can give. But still we have it in our power to get this pleasure.

LÆTITIA.

How, pray, Thisbe ?

*THAN RECEIVE. 7*

THISBE.

Why, it wants a fortnight now, you know, of Christmas Monday : and we both have money in our pockets.

LÆTITIA.

Yes ; I've upwards of a crown. What therefore shall we do ?

THISBE.

You recollect our fair comes on to-morrow. Well then, we must get up early, and work hard, and study diligently, and do every thing we ought to do, that in the afternoon we may get leave to go and see the fair. Now I have more a good deal than nine shillings. We will each take half our money, and go buy the prettiest things we meet with. We

8 *BETTER TO GIVE*

will bring them home all cleverly wrapp'd up, and early upon Christmas Monday, give them to our gardener's children.

LÆTITIA.

Yes, but then Lætitia, the poor woman's children who comes here to work occasionally, must have something likewise.

THISBE.

Right; I did not think of them. O, how delighted they will be! I fancy the poor little children in their joy, will say they never had a Christmas-box before.

LÆTITIA.

In that case, we shall be the first to cause them such a deal of pleasure.—

*THAN RECEIVE.* 9

O, my dear, dear sister ! I must hug you for that thought !

THISBE.

Yes, but stay a little. I've another in my head. This money we design to spend—

LÆTITIA.

Is ours, and we may lay it out as we think proper.

THISBE.

Yes, that's true. But—

LÆTITIA.

Well, but what ?

THISBE.

We had it from mama, you know ; it was her present to us, as in general, all our money is. Now sister, if we lay this money out in presents for the

10 *BETTER TO GIVE*

children, 'twill be then, mama has made these presents, and not we.

LÆTITIA.

That's true indeed ; and yet we have no other money ?

THISBE.

We can, notwithstanding, hit on some expedient for the purpose, I dare say. For in the first place, I can work indifferently at my needle, and you knit with tolerable ease.

LÆTITIA.

What use will this be of ?

THISBE.

You'll not be long before you've knit a pair of garters for papa : and I have been this fortnight at a pair of ruffles, which he does not know of. What then hinders, pray,

THAN RECEIVE. 11

but we may finish these two articles,  
a day or two on this side Christmas  
Monday?

LÆTITIA.

Well, and if we do, what then?

THISBE.

We can present the garters in that  
case, and ruffles to papa, who will be  
glad to buy them of us, and pay thrice  
as much as they are worth.—

LÆTITIA.

Yes, yes: I'm sure of that. But  
still the fair will be to-morrow;  
and we can't before that finish what  
you know is to procure the money we  
would lay out at the fair.

THISBE.

Nor is it necessary either, for the

12 *BETTER TO GIVE*

money we shall want to make our purchase with to-morrow, we may borrow of ourselves ; and afterwards repay it upwards of two days before we make our presents. Thus then, we shall have it in our power to say indeed 'twas we alone gave Christmas boxes to these poor dear children.

LÆTITIA.

A good scheme indeed ! 'Tis always you that are the readiest at these matters : but 'tis likewise true, that you're the eldest.

THISBE.

Bless me ! How rejoic'd we shall be both, in being able to afford them so much pleasure !



*THAN RECEIVE.* 13

LÆTITIA.

I could wish, to-morrow were the day.

THISBE.

Don't fear, but it will soon come now; and we shall still be pleas'd in waiting its arrival.



T H E

## GOOD SON REWARDED.

---

**T**HE little Abel scarce was turn'd of eight years old, when he was so unhappy as to lose his mother. It afflicted him so much, that nothing could restore him to the gait so natural to young children. Mrs. Philipson, his aunt, was forced to take him

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to her house, for fear his sadness should still aggravate her brother's inconsolable distress.

They went, however, frequently to see him; and at last, the time was come for going out of mourning. Abel therefore quitted his; and, tho' his heart was full of sorrow, he endeavour'd to assume a lively countenance. His father was affected at this sensibility: but all it did, alas! was to occasion him more sorrow, in reflecting on the mother of this amiable child, he had for ever lost; and this reflection, every one remarked, was bringing him with sorrow to the grave. It was a fortnight now, since Abel, as his custom was, had been to see him; and his aunt was always urging

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some pretext or other in the interval, as often as he wish'd to go. The truth is, Mr. Philipson was dangerously ill. He durst not ask to see his child, from apprehension that the sight of his condition might too much affect him. These paternal struggles, join'd with that affliction he was under, so exhausted him, that very soon there was no hope remaining of his cure. He died, in fact, upon the day before his birth-day.

On the morrow, Abel having waked betimes, tormented Mrs. Philipson so much for leave to go and wish his father joy, that she at last consented; but he saw his mourning was now going on again.

And

R E W A R D E D. 17

And why this ugly black, said he, to-day, when we are going to Papa? —Who's dead now, aunt?

His aunt was so afflicted, that she could not speak a word.

Well then, said Abel, if you will not tell me, I'll enquire of my Papa.

At this she could refrain no longer weeping; but burst out into a flood of tears, and said, 'Tis he, 'tis he is dead.

What, my Papa dead! answer'd he. Oh Heaven! take pity on me. My Mama, first dead! and now, Papa! Unhappy as I am, and parentless! what will become of me? Oh my Papa! Mama!

These words were scarcely utter'd,

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when he fell into a swoon; nor could his aunt, without much difficulty, bring him to again.

Poor child, said she, don't thus afflict yourself. Your parents are still living.

ABEL.

Yes; but where?

Mrs. PHILIPSON.

In heaven, with God. They are both happy in that place; and will at all times have an eye upon their child. If you are prudent, diligent and upright, they will pray that God would bless you; and God certainly *will* bless you. This was the last prayer your father utter'd yesterday when dying.

R E W A R D E D. 19

ABEL.

Yesterday! when I was thinking of the pleasure I should have in seeing him this morning.—Yesterday! He's not then buried yet? Oh aunt, pray let me see him. He would not send for me, fearing to afflict me; and perhaps I should have, on the other hand, afflicted him. But now, that I can no how give him pain, I would once more behold him, for the last last time: pray, let me go and see him, my dear aunt.

Mrs. PHILIPSON.

Well then, we'll go together, if you promise you'll be calm. You see my tears, and how much I am griev'd for having lost my brother. He was

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always doing me some good or other : I was poor, and had no maintenance but what his bounty gave me. Notwithstanding which, I yield myself, you see, to Providence, that watches over us. Be calm then, my dear child,

ABEL.

Yes, yes ; I must indeed be calm : but pray, Aunt, carry me to my Papa, that I may see at least his coffin.

Mrs. Philipson then took him by the hand, and instantly went out : the day was very dark and even foggy. Abel wept as he went on.

When they were come before the house, the mutes were at the door ; and Mr. Philipson's late friends and neighbours standing round his coffin.



*R E W A R D E D.* 21

They wept bitterly, and praised the integrity of the deceased. The little Abel rush'd into the house, and threw himself upon the coffin. For some time he could not speak a word; but rais'd at last his head a little, crying out, See how your little Abel weeps for having lost you! when Mama died, you consol'd me, and yet wept yourself; but now, who is there will console me for your loss! Oh my Papa! my good Papa!

He could not utter more: his sorrow almost strangl'd him. His mouth was open, and his tongue seem'd motionless. His eyes at one time fix'd; and at another, rolling in their sockets, had no tears to shed. His aunt

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had need of all her strength to pluck him from the coffin. She conducted him as far as to a neighbour's, begging she would keep him till his father's burial was over ; for she durst not think of carrying him to see it.

Very soon the bell was set a tolling. Abel heard it ; and the woman, to whose care he had been trusted, having quitted the apartment for a moment, he avail'd himself of such an opportunity ; got out, and ran that instant to the church-yard, where the funeral was gone. The minister had finish'd, and the grave was filling up ; —when, all at once, a cry was heard of, *Bury me with my papa !* and Abel jump'd into the grave.

The mourners were affected at it :

*R E W A R D E D.* 23

Abel was drawn out, all pale and speechless; and, in spite of his resistance, carried home.

He was for upwards of three days continually fainting; and his aunt could no how bring him to, not even at intervals, except by speaking to him of his dear papa. At last, his first excess of anguish was allay'd: he wept no longer, but was very sorrowful.

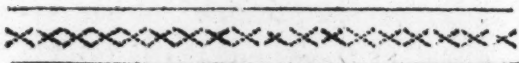
A worthy merchant heard of this deplorable affair. He had not been without some knowledge of the father; therefore he repair'd to Mrs. Philipson's, that he might see the little orphan. He was very much affected at his sadness, took him home,

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and was a father to him. Abel soon consider'd he was really the merchant's son, and every day gained greater ground in his affection. At the age of twenty, he conducted all the business of his benefactor with so much success, that in reality the merchant thought it was his duty to assign him half the profits of it for the future; to which recompence, he added his beloved daughter.—Abel hitherto had kept his aunt, by husbanding the little perquisites belonging to him; and, by this event, he had the further happiness of making her quite easy for the remnant of her days; but never did his father's birth-day come about, but he was seized in some sort with a fever, on recalling to his memory

*R E W A R D E D.* 25

what he once had suffer'd at that season; and to those sensations, he was then affected with, did he impute the principles of honour and integrity he follow'd, during his long life succeeding it.



T H E

*DANGER OF BAD COMPANY.*

CATHARINE, (*at her looking-glass,*)  
CHARMING! I am mightily contented with Mama's nice present! How Miss Smith will fret, when she perceives my fine lac'd hat! She was so vain last week! one hardly could approach her. Pray, keep off a little, Miss, or you will spoil my hat: If it were trimm'd with blond or gauze, as yours is, I should not much mind it!

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(*She shrugs up her shoulders*) What a little minx! I never saw her fellow: and besides, how ugly! aye, and stupid likewise!—A pin here I think will set it off. (*She sticks a pin in her hat*)

Good! we shall have a deal of company to-day! Fine gentlemen and ladies! I'll stand by Mama; they'll all look at me, and observe I'm very pretty. When they compliment me, I'll do thus! (*She practises several sorts of smiles*) or stay: that's too much like the old Miss Abigail! and therefore I'll look thus.—Ah, good!—how charming!

Mrs. KITTY'S GOVERNESS, (*entering, who has heard the whole,*)

Not so charming as you think, Miss Kitty, I'll take care of that!

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CATHARINE, (*frighten'd,*)

Ah my dear good governess!—  
was,—I was,—I vow you've frighten'd me!

THE GOVERNESS.

Don't talk of that, Miss. I've not  
heard every thing you said just now. Those  
Quite pleasant truly! I'm however will  
glad I know your mind.

CATHARINE, (*weeping,*)

You've frighten'd me! I can't tell  
what I'm doing; and Mama won't  
have me vex'd by any one: she knows  
it makes me ill.

THE GOVERNESS.

What you would frighten me  
I see! but you're deceived. I did  
not think you could have been so  
proud; and 'tis on that account I am



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afraid for *you*. That fear unhappily  
has better grounds than your's has.  
I am very sorry to disturb you in  
your promis'd pleasures; but must  
tell you, that to day at least you shall  
I've not vex Miss Smith; or ravish  
now those fine gentlemen and ladies that  
will come to see you! So be pleas'd  
this moment to take off that hat; your  
old one will do well enough, till you  
n't tell deserve to wear a better.—Come.

CATHARINE.

My dear, good Mad'moiselle! pray  
let me wear my hat, and I'll not tell  
Mama you frighten'd me.

The GOVERNESS.

I did You won't! that's quite good na-  
teen fear'd in you, Miss! but no; I'll not  
t I am make any bargain with you, and pro-

30 *THE DANGER OF*

vided I design'd to show you favour  
you don't go the proper way to get  
it. When I punish you, I think  
is my duty ; and your promises have  
therefore no effect upon me. You  
will put your worst hat on to-day  
you understand me ? Do it therefore  
without grumbling. I shall come  
back soon again, and if I find it so  
I'll order you your night cap, and  
bed.

CATHARINE.

Dear governess, forgive me : I  
do so no more.

The GOVERNESS.

I hope indeed you won't, Miss ; but  
at present, all you say is useless. You  
shall have no hat, except your  
one, on to-day ; but henceforth she

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yourself more modest and less proud.  
If I have no occasion to find fault  
with your behaviour the remainder  
of the week, I don't know what I may  
do then : so off with it at once ; and  
hark ye, Mrs. Ruffel and her daugh-  
ters are below with your Mama, and  
want to see you. (*She goes out.*)

CATHARINE, (*alone,*)

How unfortunate, that I should  
leave the door ajar ! had I but shut  
it, this would not have happen'd.—  
Let me make however all the haste  
I can : if Bell and Sophy should come  
up, they'd see me pull my new hat  
off to put the old one on ; and  
then, I should be vex'd indeed.—  
I hope Mama won't go and tell them  
of my hat ! (*She takes one out of her*

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*bat-box*) This sorry one must then go on! (*She looks at it, and shrugs her shoulders up*) Well, come. (*She begins to untie her new one*) But to see company in such a worn-out thing! (*She hears a noise upon the stairs*) O Heavens! I hear them coming up!

ISABELLA, (*entering with Sophia,*)

Well Kitty, are you dead and buried? We have been these twenty minutes waiting for you.

SOPHIA.

Your politeness won't much hurt you. One must come, I see, and visit you in your apartment.

CATHARINE, (*in confusion, lets the bat fall down behind her,*)

Don't you see the reason? I was putting on my hat.

ISA-

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ISABELLA.

Putting on your hat? You're very long about it! Look ye, is the ground a place then for it? (*She takes it up.*)

SOPHIA.

Let me see. (*looking at the hat*) How beautiful! and lace!—my stars! I don't wear lace, and yet am older by a year than you are.

ISABELLA.

Aye, you're in the right, my dear. It suits you better than the trumpery, and I've always seen you wear. Who gave it you?

SOPHIA.

Well now, I long to see it on your

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head. Come hither, and I'll help you to adjust it.

CATHARINE.

No ; not now, my dear Sophia.—  
There wants something to be yet  
done to it.

SOPHIA.

You are joking ! 'tis quite finish'd ;  
I am sure of that.

CATHARINE.

But don't you see the ribband's rather faded ?

ISABELLA.

Why indeed, it *has* lost something  
of its colour.

SOPHIA.

Stuff ! I think it very fresh, so no  
more ceremonies. You want court-

BAD COMPANY. 35

ing; do you, then? (*She attempts to put it on.*)

CATHARINE, (*drawing back,*)

But when I tell you I won't put it on?

SOPHIA.

Oh, ho; are you so positive? well, just as you think fit.

ISABELLA.

In truth, Miss Kitty, I must say you're very rude.

CATHARINE.

Don't vex me, dear good friends: I'm vex'd enough already. Look ye, I'm forbid to have it on. My governess has order'd me to put it by.

ISABELLA.

Your governess!

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SOPHIA.

You don't say so? A very pretty story, truly!

ISABELLA.

And are you, then, such a Ninny, as to let your governess direct you?

CATHARINE.

Very easy talking! But my governess is not what you perhaps suppose. She loves me, and in all things means my good: at least, Mama is always telling me she does; and therefore I must do whatever she thinks fit to order me, as if it were herself.

ISABELLA.

As if it were herself!—A servant!  
—Frightful! frightful!

SOPHIA.

Certainly, a governess is nothing



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but a servant : one may send her packing at a minute's warning. Have we not had three ourselves ?

CATHARINE.

Ah Sophy, you don't know the whole ! My governess is not like other governesses.

ISABELLA.

Like or not like other governesses, does she not take wages ? She must be a servant then.

SOPHIA.

Right, Bell : She is a servant ; and it seems then, your Mama will have you pay obedience to a servant ! they should kill me sooner than I'd do it.

KITTY.

But pray, have not you a governess ?

38 *THE DANGER OF*  
*ISABELLA.*

Yes, truly have we; but believe me, I should like to see her take and act the Mistress over us! I'd rout her in a trice, I warrant you.

*CATHARINE.*

Ah! here, Miss Bell, there's none but my Mama can rout the servants, as you say.

*ISABELLA.*

But what a simpleton you are! And don't you know the method one should take, to get a servant turn'd away that incommodes one.

*SOPHIA.*

Nothing in the world so easy!

*CATHARINE.*

To you very likely; but I own

*BAD COMPANY.* 39

myself not half so clever as you two are.

ISABELLA.

Sister, don't you recollect that Mad'moiselle Durand, the first French governess we ever had; how she took on her, and would fain have made us do whatever she thought proper. Mad'moiselle would give us tasks; and Mad'moiselle would play the tell-tale to mama. So there was nothing in the world between us three but quarrels: it was so, a good while, I assure you; but at last I found a way to put mama out of conceit with her; and after, manag'd matters so, that Mad'moiselle was off.

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SOPHIA.

At first, we found it difficult, for Mad'moiselle was something of a favourite with mama: but in the end, would you believe it, Kitty, we compell'd her to desire mama would get another governess?

ISABELLA.

And those that have come since, have chang'd their tone. We told them every thing beforehand, made our bargain with them; and whenever they infring'd the agreement;—to the door.

CATHARINE.

How happy you must be! I never should be bold enough to do as much; and yet Bell, I can make my governess uneasy frequently; for if she

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does but touch me, I cry out, and squall with all my force. But what's the consequence? Mama comes up; my governess tells every thing I've done! and I am scolded then into the bargain.

ISABELLA,

Why you novice! don't that teach you then, you ought to have a story different from your governess's, ready?

CATHARINE.

Yes! but Mad'moiselle's a woman that speaks truth; and my mama knows that.

ISABELLA.

That! what a child you are, my dear! You should pluck up a little courage, and inform your governess

42 *THE DANGER OF*

out right, you were not born to be what  
afraid of her, but the reverse: since have  
servants should not play the mistress I  
otherwise she'll always lead you by WI  
the nose. though

SOPHIA.

No doubt; you ought to make An  
her know her place. Ah!

The GOVERNESS, (*entering,*) house

Young ladies, what are you about gover  
here, in Miss Kitty's chamber? Ah!

ISABELLA. my-h

What are we about! I fancy we Bu  
have no occasion to tell you. more

The GOVERNESS. now

You have not! You are very rude, now  
Miss, for a lady of your age: so let ver.  
me tell you, pray, that you are now, in am  
ere

*BAD COMPANY.* 43

what I call my house, and should not have come up without my leave.

ISABELLA, (*with a laugh,*)

What say you, sister?—Yet I thought myself at Mrs. Roberts's.

SOPHIA, (*laughing likewise,*)

And so did I: but we're mistaken.

Ah! ah! ha!—*in what I call my house!*—That's laughable!—(*to the*

*governess,*) I ask your pardon. Ah!

ah! ha! Good Mrs. What-I-call-my-house!

The GOVERNESS.

But I'm astonish'd!—Yes; once more, I tell you *in my house*. You

know whose governess I am. When-

ever I may be with this young lady,

I am in the place of her mama, and

more particularly. (*Isabella and So-*

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*phia continue laughing.*) Really  
cannot keep myself from thinking you  
are very ill-behav'd! and were it only  
for my age, I fancy—

ISABELLA.

Ill-behav'd, yourself.—But I must  
tell you, Madam, with your leave  
we were not born to pay respect to  
servants.

SOPHIA.

No indeed; we have not had  
mean an education as that comes  
to.

The GOVERNESS.

It appears you *have* been excell-  
lently well brought up! Miss Kitt  
must derive a deal of profit from your  
conversation!



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ISABELLA.

Certainly; for if Miss Kitty will  
be directed by us, she'll no longer  
pay obedience where she ought to  
govern.

THE GOVERNESS.

I perceive you have been talking  
ever very pretty things! but as for  
you, (*to Isabella and Sophia.*) I pity  
you—and only came to mention, your  
nana is going, and waits for you.  
you can't be gone too soon.

SOPHIA, (*bantering her,*)

You mean then we should take our  
leave?

ISABELLA, (*to Kitty, affecting a whis-  
per,*)

Your new hat on, or else—(*To the*

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*governess*) Good madam! your most humble—Ah! ah! ha! (*she and Sophia both burst out a laughing and withdraw.*)

The GOVERNESS.

Two impertinents together! Had I known them better, they should not have come up here. But pray, what meant they by *your new hat on*?

CATHARINE, (*peevishly,*)

Aye; why must I not wear it?

The GOVERNESS.

Why? a very pretty question truly! You should know as well as I do.—I forbid it; that's enough.

CATHARINE, (*with a sort of half confidence,*)

O, you forbid it!—do you? Was I born to—

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The GOVERNESS.

Well;—speak louder, Miss—What you have to say, must well be worth the hearing!

CATHARINE, (*in the same tone,*)

True!—a servant play the Mistress!—

The GOVERNESS.

Mighty well! you have been an admirable scholar I can see; and were you left alone, would equal very soon your teachers. I can't tell however, how your mama will like your taking such instructions. She is coming up. I'll ask her,

Mrs. ROBERTS, (*entering,*)

Well, and why, child, did not you demand when Mad'moiselle came for you? Must—But what's the matter? Why are you in this disorder? You've

48 THE DANGER OF

been crying! Has your governess been finding fault with your behaviour? You are sensible I don't like that, Miss.

CATHARINE.

No Mama—'tis she, that—

Mrs. ROBERTS.

*She!* and who pray, are you speaking of?

CATHARINE.

My governess, Mama, who means to punish me without a reason.

Mrs. ROBERTS.

You should call her so then; and not *She*. Don't let me hear that word again come from you. With regard to her design of punishment it is not, I am sure, without a reason therefore

therefore I expect you should submit.

**The GOVERNESS.**

I caught her at the looking-glass, conversing with herself about her prettiness, you can't imagine, Madam, how! and therefore, I considered it my duty, to forbid her wearing the new hat you gave her.

**Mrs. ROBERTS.**

You forbade her very properly; but then, she could not surely want this explanation? 'Twas enough you ordered: 'twas her duty to obey, that instant.

**The GOVERNESS.**

Not at all, my dear good lady. I

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**D**

50 *THE DANGER OF*

am nothing but a servant here, and  
am to do what every body bids me.  
Am I not, Miss Kitty? Did not  
the Miss Ruffels tell you so?

Mrs. ROBERTS.

You little hussy! And was this  
your conversation with them?

The GOVERNESS.

No, no, Madam; I must do her  
justice there. She has been brought  
up better far than that. She did but  
listen to their conversation, which is  
bad enough indeed, considering what  
they are. So impudent! You would  
not easily believe, what I could tell  
you of them!

*BAD COMPANY.* 51

Mrs. ROBERTS.

I am glad however I know this :  
and therefore Miss, take notice you  
don't see the two Miss Russels any  
more, unless I'm by, to hear what you  
discourse of.

CATHARINE.

They came here, Mama, to speak  
with me. It was not I—

Mrs. ROBERTS.

Enough. It is my will you should  
respect your governess, as much as  
you do me.

CATHARINE.

I will, Mama.

Mrs. ROBERTS.

Remember what you promise me :

52 THE DANGER OF

you know how much I love you ; but if ever you should fail of doing as I order, you will lose that instant my affection. Recollect that well, and ask your governess's pardon.

CATHARINE.

I am very sorry Mad'moiselle—

THE GOVERNESS.

Enough, enough, my dearest: I forget what's past, and hope you'll keep your promise to your good mama ; for, as I said just now, you have not a bad heart ; and it would be a pity the Miss Russels should corrupt you.

Mrs. ROBERTS.

That's what I desire you'd look to, my dear Mad'moiselle. On my side,



*BAD COMPANY.* 53

but I shall take the greatest care they  
as I never see each other, but when ab-  
my solutely unavoidable, and always in  
and my presence.

*The GOVERNESS.*

— Madam, in consideration of Miss  
Kitty's promise and repentance, be  
so condescending as to let her wear  
st: I the hat you gave her.

*Mrs. ROBERTS.*

you'll She scarce merits such a favour;  
good but 'tis just as you think proper.

*CATHARINE.*

corrupt Thank you, my dear good Mama,  
and Mad'moiselle. I'll never do the  
like again.

*Mrs. ROBERTS.*

ook to, That's well; and therefore now,  
y side,

54 *THE DANGER, &c.*

make all the haste you can to put  
your hat on : or on second thoughts,  
come down, and do it there. Re-  
member this day's lesson, and the  
Danger of Bad Company.

put  
ghts,  
Re.  
the



T H E  
W A T C H.

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THE little Margaret returning from a visit she had just before been paying to an intimate of her's, came home quite mortified and sad. She found her sisters entertaining one another with that innocent and lively joy, Heaven seems delighted to infuse into

56 *THE WATCH.*

the sports of infancy. Instead of making one among them, with her usual playfulness, she got into a corner of the room, sat there, as if it vexed her to behold their gaiety, and when the little ones began to prattle, hoping she would join in their diversion, peevishly replied to what they ask'd her. When the father, who lov'd Margaret exceedingly, beheld her thus dejected, which she was but very seldom, he began to be uneasy, put her on his knee, and taking her affectionately by the hand, enquir'd what ail'd his little child, that she appear'd so melancholy? Nothing, nothing, answer'd Margaret, at first, to all his questions; but at length, on being

of press'd more earnestly to tell him  
 her every thing, replied that all the little  
 cor- ladies she had seen that evening at  
 exed her friend's, where she had been a  
 when visiting, had each receiv'd a very  
 popping pretty present from their parents, or  
 pee- else friends, by way of fairing; tho'  
 her. not one among them, was so far ad-  
 Mar- vanc'd in learning as herself. She  
 thus mention'd more particularly one Miss  
 y fel- Mills, whose uncle had, that very  
 at her morning, purchas'd her a fine gold  
 Etion- watch, set round with brilliants. O,  
 t ail'd what pleasure, added she, Miss Mills  
 r'd so must feel, in having such a handsome  
 g, an- watch beside her !

This then is the cause of your un-  
 all his business, I find, said Mr. Ireton with  
 being smile. Thank Heaven, 'tis not so

bad as I imagin'd! I suppos'd you might have met with some unhappy accident. And what then, would you do, my dear sweet Margaret, with a watch?

MARGARET.

What others do, Papa. I'd have it fasten'd to my girdle; and look at it every moment of the day, that I might know what time it was.

Mr. IRETON.

What! every moment, Margaret? Your moments then are very precious; or perhaps, your hours of needle-work and study hang too heavy on you?

MARGARET.

No, Papa; for you have often to

*THE WATCH.* 59

me, I'm at present in the happiest season of my life.

MR. IRETON.

Well then, my child, if you have no employment for a watch beside you, but to know the hour, we have a clock here, at the stair-case foot, and that will always tell you.

MARGARET.

Yes, Papa ; but then, I need not mention, that up stairs, I cannot always hear it strike, and Bridget's very seldom there, to come down for me, and see what o'clock it is. Now when I want to know, if I descend myself, that loses me a deal of time ; whereas, a watch at hand, would let me know the time at once : nor should

60 THE WATCH.

I need then trouble any one, or lose a moment of the day myself.

MR. IRETON.

'Tis true; a watch must be exceedingly convenient, though it were but to inform one's master he has staid his hour out, if through friendship, or politeness, he should wish to sit a little longer with one.

MARGARET.

Dear Papa! how pleas'd you are to vex me, upon all occasions with your banter!

MR. IRETON.

Well then, Margaret, if you desire more serious conversation, tell me frankly, why you so much wish to have a watch?



THE WATCH. 61

MARGARET.

I have, Papa, already.

MR. IRETON.

But, I wish to know your real motive; you are sensible, words only never satisfy me.—You're afraid, perhaps, to tell me. Well then, I *will* tell you. I, that deal more frankly with you, as you'll say yourself, than you with me. The reason why you want a watch is this: that when folks pass you, they may say: Oh! ho! what a charming watch that little lady has! She must be vastly rich indeed! Now tell me, don't you think it very pitiful to boast of being richer than the rest of people, and display the things about you, for the multitude gaze at? Do you fancy any rea-

62 THE WATCH.

sonable person will esteem a little lady more, because her father has a deal of money? You yourself, do you esteem those more who may be richer than you are? When you behold a handsome watch, and are not in the least acquainted with the wearer of it, far from saying, There's a worthy little lady with a pretty watch before her, don't you rather say as follows there's a charming watch that little lady wears! 'Tis plain, that if a watch does any honour, 'tis the workman claims it: but the wearer of it, if she boasts of any merit upon that account I cannot but despise.

MARGARET.

You speak, Papa, as if you were

*THE WATCH.* 63

persuaded, 'tis from such a motive I  
desire a watch.

MR. IRETON.

I must confess, I grievously suspect  
as much. You'll not allow me this.  
Well then, I think I shall compel  
you very soon to such confession.

MARGARET.

O don't tell me so, Papa; for you  
must own, a watch is very useful,  
since you always have one; you that  
talk so much against my vanity.

MR. IRETON.

'Tis true; but then, you know, I  
cannot do without one. What I have  
to do at home, is often interrupted by  
my public avocations or employment;  
so that I must be exact and punctual

64 *THE WATCH.*

in allowing each the necessary time.

MARGARET.

And have not I, Papa, a dozen different studies in the day to be employ'd in? What would any of my masters say, if when they came, I had prepar'd to sit down with another, knowing nothing of the hour.

MR. IRETON.

You're right. You see, by this I am not obstinate. Whenever I hear reason, I can say I love to be perswaded: and so Margaret, you may depend upon a watch. I'll give you one.

MARGARET.

Ah! now you joke, Papa!

MR. IRETON.

No, certainly; for you shall have

*THE WATCH.* 65

one; but on this proviso; that you don't forget to take it with you, when you go abroad.

MARGARET.

Can you suppose I shall forget it? O! how glad I should have been of one, this afternoon, when I was visiting!

Mr. IRETON.

You may return to-morrow morning.

MARGARET.

So I may; and very probably Miss Mills will still be there, so let me have it early in the morning.

Mr. IRETON.

You shall have it now. You know my little room, up stairs? Beside my

shall be VOL. XIII.

E

66 THE WATCH.

bed, you'll find a watch : well, Margaret, 'tis yours in future.

MARGARET.

What that warming pan, Papa ! as old, for what I know about the matter, as King Gondibert's, with which he us'd to ring his huntsmen in to dinner,

Mr. IRETON.

'Tis a very good one, I assure you ; and was all the fashion at the time 'twas made, for so my father told me. When he died, I found it with the rest of his effects, and was resolv'd to keep it for myself. But since I put it into your possession, I consider 'twill not leave the family : and what's still more, as I shall often see it at your

THE WATCH. 67

sister, I shall have frequent opportunity of thinking on my father.

MARGARET.

Yes; but what will people say, who are but ten years younger than my grand-papa would be at present?

Mr. IRETON.

Just the thing I look'd for! You perceive the motive of utility which you insisted on just now, with such importance, was a vain pretext to hide your vanity; for this same watch we speak about, would do you all the service you could possibly derive from one enrich'd with diamonds. Why take up your thoughts with what the world may say, concerning you? However, in this choice will they applaud your

68 THE WATCH.

judgment, which could chuse a watch, that will not very soon be good for nothing.

MARGARET.

But, Papa, why hinder me from having such a watch, as will at once be strong, and cut a handsome figure?

Mr. IRETON.

You suppose then, that would make you happy?

MARGARET.

Yes; quite happy.

Mr. IRETON.

I could wish, my fortune were sufficient to convince you by experience how fallacious is the happiness proceeding from such trifles. Look ye; I would lay whatever wager you thought proper, that before a fortnight were well



*THE WATCH.* 69

over, you would hardly cast a look upon your watch ; that in a month, you would forget to wind it up, and very quickly after, cease to keep it in a better state of order, than your own ideas. Do you hear that, Missy, with your fine gold watch ?—

MARGARET.

Don't talk, Papa, of wagers ; you'd be sure to lose.

Mr. IRETON.

'Tis true, I will not lay ; not that I apprehend, I should come off the loser, but because a trial would be necessary, which might cost you dear, as long as you should have to live.

MARGARET.

So then, you think, Papa, a hand-

70 THE WATCH.

some watch would only make me miserable ?

MR. IRETON.

Think so, Margaret ? I am sure it would have that effect ; for all our happiness, on earth, consists in being satisfied with such a situation as the will of Providence has meant us. There is no condition in the world so humble, or so elevated, but a vain ambition in it may induce us to imagine, we want every thing our neighbour is possess'd of. 'Tis ambition that torments the husbandman, however easy in his circumstances, and inclines him to behold with envy the more fertile field, as he imagines it, belonging to his neighbours ; while it stimulates the master

## THE WATCH. 71

of a mighty empire, and persuades him, that some province bordering on his realm, is wanting to compleat the figure of its boundary. Thence spring those cruel wars, that princes carry on to desolate their people; and those law-suits individuals are engag'd in, or those quarrels that disgrace man's nature. What were your ideas with regard to that Miss Mills, you spoke of about just now, when, you were looking at her handsome watch, and which (no doubt) she did not fail to make her boast of? Did you feel within your bosom that alacrity of friendship, still subsisting in her favour, you once cherish'd? Think, would you have done her, at

72    *T H E   W A T C H .*

that moment, any service, or at least, with equal joy, as yesterday. That secret enmity, her watch inspir'd you with against her, would not such a watch inspire your friend, or very possibly your sisters with, against you also? Think then, for how despicable an enjoyment you would break the dearest ties of friendship and alliance, and the affection nature plants within us! who would think, she could be happy upon such conditions?

MARGARET.

O Papa, you make me shudder!

Mr. IRETON.

Form no more then, my sweet Margaret, any wish; that being so unreasonable as the one we speak of, could not but destroy your happiness.

*T H E W A T C H .* 73

What is there wanting you can really make use of, in the situation Providence allots you? Have you not good food in plenty? and convenient raiment for the various seasons of the year? Does not my love provide you masters to improve your understanding, while I form your heart, and do my utmost to endue you with those several accomplishments, that will in future, make you welcome to all decent company? You want, it seems, at present, a gold watch, enrich'd with diamonds! should I get you such a watch, how then to-morrow, would you look upon your false pearl earrings? Would you leave off teasing me, till I had bought you real pearls? or, be assur'd would this be all;

74 *T H E W A T C H.*

for you would then want foreign lace, fine silks, and waiting women to attend you. People cannot go on foot, like others, through the streets when they are pompously set out from head to foot; but must have footmen, fashionable carriages, and high-bred horses. You would want all these and having once obtain'd them, would be fit indeed to go to operas and assemblies, or pay visits at the houses of our first-rate quality: but to receive them in your turn, you must possess a splendid habitation, and give sumptuous treats. Consider then, I should satisfy your first caprice how many wants would follow! This would every day go on encreasing till in consequence of having with

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*THE WATCH.* 75

to rise above your station in one article of luxury, you would, 'tis very likely, come to want the necessary things of life. Look round about you, and observe how many suffer real indigence at present, who so lately, I may say as yesterday, were wasting an estate sufficient for their happiness. Reflect what very probably would be your case; and that too of your sisters; if my great affection for you did not, as it does, at present, turn these sad examples into matters of instruction! I have frequently been tir'd while I was walking through the streets upon my business. A good carriage would have been no less acceptable than what my vanity perhaps would boast of: By allotting

76 THE WATCH.

to the purchase of a coach, the money I employ, that I may educate, maintain, and now and then divert you, I might possibly be rolling in it for a time; but in the end, what would my fortune be and your's? I should behold you, every day sink deeper than the day before, into stupidity and have no reason to expect from you, in my old age, those cares I have refus'd your childhood. For a few short years, consum'd in all the influence of luxury, I should be doom'd to languish out the remnant of my life in that well-merited contempt, a guilty poverty draws after it. With what assurance could I think to answer the judgment-seat of God, for the omission of those duties tow'ards you



which the will of Providence imposes upon every father ; when by way of heritage, I should have nothing to bestow upon you, but the sad example of my guilty conduct ? I should finish my life in the convulsions of remorse, despair, and terror ; and your curses might even execrate my ashes.

O Papa, cried Margaret, embracing him, how foolishly have I been behaving ! But no watch enrich'd with diamonds now. But if I had one, I should instantly return it.

Mr. Ireton was rejoic'd to see his daughter so accessible to reason and persuasion ; and embrac'd her with the greatest heart-felt satisfaction.

From that happy moment, Margaret resum'd her former gaiety ; and

78 THE WATCH.

when she saw in future any of her little friends make boast of precious stones or other ornaments about them, was inclin'd much rather to take pity on their vanity, than look with envy on their fineness.

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NO

GENEROUSITY

WITHOUT A

SACRIFICE.

*A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.*

CHARACTERS.

Mr. WORTHY.

Young WORTHY.

NEEDY.

Young NEEDY.

*The Scene is in Mr. Worthy's Study.*

XX

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Mr. W

Mr. W

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WHA

Needy?

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VOL.

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NO GENEROSITY WITHOUT A  
SACRIFICE.

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S C E N E I.

Mr. WORTHY, Young WORTHY, and  
NEEDY.

Mr. WORTHY, (*putting his papers on  
the mantle-piece in order,*)

WHAT! Are you here, my poor  
Needy? Has your fever left you  
then?

82 NO GENEROSITY

NEEDY.

Not quite, sir ; it still hangs upon me. I have ventured out, however, to return you thanks, sir, for the goodness you have shown me. Had it not been for your charity, our baker never would have let us have another ounce of bread. Your former kindness and this last—

MR. WORTHY.

'Tis nothing : so, don't speak about it, my dear Needy : but, your wife pray, how does she do ?

NEEDY.

Still extremely ill, sir.

MR. WORTHY.

Has she every thing she wants ?

NEEDY.

Yes, sir ; I thank you.

*WITHOUT A SACRIFICE.* 83

Mr. WORTHY.

I'll think of her.

NEEDY.

Ah, sir, you have thought of her and me too much already, as without you, my five children and ourselves should all of us have perish'd. Necessaries are so dear; myself continually ill! and John, my eldest boy, so young, that notwithstanding his desire to keep my customers together, they have left me. Had I even strength to work, I am without a single pair of shoes to make.

Mr. WORTHY.

Be comforted. You may rely upon my friendship. I'll not take it from you.

84 *NO GENEROSITY*

NEEDY.

'Tis not upon that account I come ; but to return you thanks for all your favours. In the next place, I should like to know if my poor boy does every thing you bid him.

Mr. WORTHY.

Yes, the servants like him vastly, and he does his duty. Don't let that disturb you : but go home, and nurse yourself and Phillis, so that you may both get well the sooner.

NEEDY.

He will soon be here ; and I was last night talking to him of the pleasure I should have if, when I came this morning, I should hear a good account of his behaviour.—I have here a silver cup, that has been in our fa-



*WITHOUT A SACRIFICE.* 85

mily these hundred years and upwards, with my wife's and my own wedding cloaths, which I would gladly leave with you.

MR. WORTHY.

What! Needy?

NEEDY.

Hear me if you please, fir, to the end. I have a silver cup here wrapp'd up in this handkerchief. I tremble, while undoing it, and with good reason. It has been a long time, as I said just now, fir, in our family. My grandfather, upon his death-bed, gave it to my father, and my father gave it me: but I must not enjoy the satisfaction of bestowing it upon my son! —Pray do not interrupt me, fir, it is

86 *NO GENEROSITY*

a debt of gratitude you have a right to. Take it. You have constantly been occupied in lending me already. Add to your benevolence the value of this implement. It will be good security for what I borrow on it.

MR. WORTHY.

I, security !

NEEDY.

You have no need of any scruples : if my malady continues, I must part with it at last ; and I can safely trust it fir, to you. If I recover, and grow better in my circumstances, I may then redeem it ; but a pawn-broker—

MR. WORTHY.

I understand you.

NEEDY.

It will weigh three guineas : pray,

*WITHOUT A SACRIFICE.* 87

fir, let me have that money on it. Were I dealing with a tradesman, I would willingly redeem it at the price of six; for look ye here, fir, where the initials of my wife's and my own name, are both engraved upon it, in a cypher.

Mr. WORTHY.

Say no more; I understand you. I will let you have the value of it; and if your affairs grow better, it may still remain at your disposal: but your wedding cloaths, good Needy—

NEEDY.

Here they are: this is the coat. Oh, fir, how happy was I on the day when first I put it on, that I might lead my wife up to the altar! since

88 *NO GENEROSITY*

that time, I have preserv'd it, with the greatest care, and never have once look'd into the drawer in which I kept it, without pleasure ; as it made me think upon my wedding: but at present, it contributes in another manner to my happiness.

Mr. WORTHY.

In what, pray, my good man ?

NEEDY.

In this, that I have kept it hitherto so fresh, that you may lend me more upon it. Such great sleeves and plaits are now no longer in the fashion. I am glad they are not. It will almost make two coats, as they are worn at present. You would interrupt me, but pray listen to the rest.

*WITHOUT A SACRIFICE.* 89

Here, likewise, are my spouse's cloaths. She wish'd that if, in future, I should not be able to redeem them, they might both be sold together. It would grieve her, she assur'd me, were they separated. Don't be superstitious, my dear Phillis, said I to her. Though they should be separated, will that prove our hearts are disunited? No, dear husband, answer'd Phillis, I am far from superstitious. I am—I can't tell you what; but still I beg that Mr. Worthy would be pleas'd to sell them both together, should he be oblig'd to sell them. Seeing Phillis not to be persuaded, I engag'd my word for you, and said, Well, be of courage! Mr. Worthy, I am sure, will not oppose your wishes

90 *NO GENEROSITY*

in this matter. You have heard the whole, sir. I request you'd let me have four guineas on the cup and cloaths.

Mr. WORTHY.

If I should take the cup, 'tis only because you desire I should; but for the cloaths—

NEEDY.

The cloaths, sir, and the cup. We are but little likely to have need of either. If our prospects alter, we can have them back again.

Mr. WORTHY.

Well, be it so. I take them, and deliver you the money you're in want of. If God's Providence restore you, I need scarcely say, they are your

WITHOUT A SACRIFICE. 91

again, whenever you think fit to  
in them.

NEEDY.

Heaven repay your bounty ! so  
well. I'll get me home again ;  
I am actually feverish, now while  
king.

Mr. WORTHY.

Go poor Needy ; and be no more  
melancholy than needs must. God's  
providence assists the afflicted, when  
they're just and upright as you are.

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SCENE II.

WORTHY and Young WORTHY.

Mr. WORTHY.

WELL, George ? You have been

92 *NO GENEROSITY*

witness to a scene of misery, deep enough ! What say you to it ?

Young WORTHY.

That poor Needy's situation greatly mov'd me.

Mr. WORTHY.

All the better. 'Tis a proof you have a feeling bosom. Keep this way of thinking therefore till such time you are master of the fortune coming to you, and may help the unhappy.

Young WORTHY.

But, Papa, pray tell me, can I at present even do something for them ?

Mr. WORTHY.

Certainly. You have your quarterly allowance, and that's not a trifling

Young WORTHY.

True : but I was thinking, what



*WITHOUT A SACRIFICE.* 93

deep poor Needy stood here talking, how  
the wealthy can look on, and see so  
many of the poor, without assisting  
them.

MR. WORTHY.

Because their hearts are so far  
warden'd by the affluence Providence  
has granted them, that the misfor-  
tunes other men experience, cannot  
move their pity.

YOUNG WORTHY.

They are wicked people then!  
May I not call them so, Papa? for if  
they thought as you do, there would  
be no poor among us.

MR. WORTHY.

Certainly we should assist each  
other; but, alas! though we are bre-  
thren, we scarce think another is our

fellow-creature, who is not so rich  
we are.

Young WORTHY.

'Tis a melancholy thing to be a man  
then, and in want : for brutes are made  
upon a footing with each other.

Mr. WORTHY.

And why so ? Because they live  
much more upon the plan prescribed  
them by what men call Nature, and  
depart not from the laws of that great  
mistress.

Young WORTHY.

Well, for my part, I here promise  
you, Papa, that if in future, I become  
rich, I will be useful to the poor, who  
are not, certainly, less men than I.  
You shall see, Papa, if I won't  
my word.

*WITHOUT A SACRIFICE.* 95

Mr. WORTHY.

By such a conduct, you will imitate the goodness of God's Providence, as far as men are able; and by promising to do so, make me very happy. In reward for which, I will, to-morrow buy you what you wanted so, last week, as we were going through Moorfields, among the brokers.

Young WORTHY.

What! that charming desk we look'd at?

Mr. WORTHY.

Yes, and cheapen'd. I then thought it much too dear; but in consideration of your generous promise, you shall have it when you please: to-morrow; or this afternoon, if you had rather.

Young WORTHY.

You are very good, Papa. The desk would certainly be very useful to me, and I thank you ; but have thought of something

Mr. WORTHY.

What ?

Young WORTHY.

You know, you write a deal ; yet do without a desk. Then why should I have one ? So, if you please, Papa, I should much rather have the six and thirty shillings it would cost you ?

Mr. WORTHY.

But, pray, what to do ? Have you already spent the guinea and a half your uncle gave you ?

Young WORTHY.

No, Papa.

*WITHOUT A SACRIFICE.* 97

Mr. WORTHY.

Where is it, then ?

Young WORTHY.

It is—it is—I can't at present tell you where it is.

Mr. WORTHY.

Why so ?

Young WORTHY.

Because, Papa, — because — Ah, pray, don't be uneasy. You will find I've turn'd it to good use, when you know every thing ; so don't, at least, ask any thing about it, till to-morrow.

Mr. WORTHY.

Willingly ; and if to-morrow it appears you have employ'd it properly, I'll give you what the desk would cost. I'd never have you go

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without a trifle in your pocket, if you know but how to manage what you have,

Young WORTHY.

You'll not be angry, I am sure, when I inform you how 'tis gone. (*Aside*) I have it still, but know what I will do with it. (*Aloud*) Ah! here comes little Needy.

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SCENE III.

Mr. WORTHY, Young WORTHY,  
and Young NEEDY.

Mr. WORTHY.

WELL, how fares it with you, my

WITHOUT A SACRIFICE. 99

good little man? Come, be of courage! I've been giving your poor father a good character, this morning, of you, as you merit; so work heartily, and God will bless you. Take that broom, and in the first place sweep the back of all these books, beginning at the top; then take them down, and—

Young NEEDY.

Yes, I understand you sir (*taking the broom*) and dust them singly.

Mr. WORTHY.

Right; and when you've done, I'll show you in what order to replace them. I'll come back before you've finish'd brushing.

Young NEEDY.

I shall do my best, sir.

SCENE IV.

Young WORTHY and Young NEEDY.

Young NEEDY, (*brushing,*)

**M**ASTER Worthy, stand a little farther; or the dust will fly all over you.

Young WORTHY.

O don't mind me, but brush away!  
—Your mother's very ill then, my poor Needy?

Young NEEDY.

Yes, sir, very ill.

Young WORTHY.

And you are five at home, besides your parents? four I mean.



*WITHOUT A SACRIFICE.* 101

Young NEEDY.

Five fir; and I am fix. My father reckons only five, as I can get my livelihood by working.

Young WORTHY.

Yes; but then you cannot, for your father, mother and five children.

Young NEEDY.

I do every thing I can, and God will take care of the rest.

Young WORTHY.

You're in the right. Therefore, let me be God; and put this guinea and a half into your pocket for your parents.

Young NEEDY.

What! a guinea and a half, fir?

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O my dear good little gentleman, I must not take it.

Young WORTHY.

Don't be silly! 'twas my uncle's present, and Papa allows me to do any thing I please, at all times, with my money.—Take it then.

Young NEEDY.

No, no: you are a very little gentleman, and should I take so much, my father would be very angry with me.

Young WORTHY.

Tell him, I design'd it for him, when I gave it you.

Young NEEDY.

But what will your Papa say, when he comes to know it?

*WITHOUT A SACRIFICE.* 103

Young WORTHY.

Why should he know any thing about it ? and what hinders you from saying, should he chance to ask you, that a gentleman took pity on your father's poverty, and gave it him ? This will be nothing but the truth ; and my Papa will never ask what gentleman it was.

Young NEEDY.

But he has lent my father, not a quarter of an hour ago a deal of money.

Young WORTHY.

Right : upon this silver cup here, and these cloaths. Well then, the guinea and a half will go a great way, in redeeming them ; and I am sure,

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your father will be very glad to have them back again.

Young NEEDY.

I thank you, but can never take it without telling your Papa.

Young WORTHY.

I understand you well enough. You treat me as you would a little child; but I am very glad to tell you, my Papa does otherwise; and that, of course, I may as freely give you all this money, as lift up the fash and fling it out into the street; and if you don't accept it, I will do so. It may very likely be pick'd up by some poor man, and make him happy.

Young NEEDY.

Well then, my dear little fir, I take it: but—

WITHOUT A SACRIFICE. 105

Young WORTHY.

But what?

Young NEEDY.

It may be all you have.

Young WORTHY.

No, no. Indeed it is, at present,  
but my Papa to-morrow is to  
give me more than this, instead of  
something he had meant to buy me;  
that I shall still have money for my  
pocket.—(*Apart*) I design that six  
and thirty shillings for him likewise:  
will be a new surprise and pleasure.

Young NEEDY.

Once more then, I tell you my dear  
sister, I take it, but can never leave  
the house without informing your Papa.

Young WORTHY.

If you should do so, I shall never

love you half so much as I have done  
and so you'll see.

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SCENE V.

Young WORTHY, Young NEEDHAM  
(*at his work*), and Mr. WORTHY.

Mr. WORTHY.

YOUR writing master's come,  
in the parlour waiting for you.

Young WORTHY.

I'll go to him, (*he winks to NEEDHAM*  
*as he's going out, that he may hold his*  
*tongue.*)

SCENE VI.

Young NEEDY, and Mr. WORTHY.

Mr. WORTHY, (*looking about the room,*)

WHERE can I have laid these papers?

Young NEEDY, (*coming up to Mr. Worthy,*)

Pray, sir, let me put into your hands—this guinea and a half that Mr. Worthy has been forcing me to take, though I refus'd it.

Mr. WORTHY.

Forcing you to take it! what! my boy?—And why?

Young NEEDY.

Because my parents are so ill, and have so many children; for he ask me first how many?

Mr. WORTHY.

Well, my child, if George ask such a question, he did right in giving you the money, though 'twas all he had; and I am very happy to discover he has thought of doing so. You have however been quite good in telling me: So keep the money for your father. It will comfort him no doubt, and as for me, I'm much more comforted at the idea of my son's compassion, than the money's worth.

Young NEEDY.

He told me, it would go a good



WITHOUT A SACRIFICE. 109

...y tow'rds redeeming my poor fa-  
...r's cup and wedding cloaths.

Mr. WORTHY.

No, no : if ever your poor parents'  
...umstances alter for the better, I  
...ll give *them* up without requiring  
...of the money back ; till when, I  
...mean to keep them under lock  
...key in safety. So, once more,  
...up the money for your father.

Young NEEDY.

...h, how good you are to give him  
...a deal ! But, pray at least, fir,  
...him know, you order'd me to take

Mr. WORTHY.

...es, I'll look to that, my child ;  
...on't you be uneasy.

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Young NEEDY.

How he'll bless your charity! and  
Master Worthy's!

Mr. WORTHY.

I am glad he has occasion to do so.

Young NEEDY.

But, Master Worthy bade me keep  
his gift a secret: Nay, he said, if  
should tell you of it, he would never  
love me half so much as he has  
done.

Mr. WORTHY.

That's good again; and I am very  
happy he has told you so: as 'tis  
proof he does not wish to boast  
what he does: so don't you tell  
you have said a word to me about  
Do you understand me?

WITHOUT A SACRIFICE. III

Young NEEDY.

Yes, sir.

Mr. WORTHY.

And that George may love you as  
always has done, I'll pretend as if  
did not know a syllable of the affair :  
don't betray yourself.

Young NEEDY.

No, sir. (*He sets again to work.*)

Mr. WORTHY, (*aside while looking at  
his papers,*)

My little fellow, in the goodness of  
heart, does for me all the good I  
want this miserable family. What  
a pleasure to a father this reflexion ! and  
how happy should I be, if his refusal  
the desk were meant to do them  
her service; but I look for too much  
in him. He has already sacrific'd a

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guinea and a half, which would have got him many pleasures, to assist a needy family.

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SCENE VII.

Young NEEDY, Mr. WORTHY,  
Young WORTHY.

Young WORTHY, (*aside, while Mr. Worthy is examining his papers, and Young Needy still continues dusting.*)

I'VE finished sooner than I thought I should, and now may think a little. It was with a good intention I gave  
Need

*WITHOUT A SACRIFICE.* 113

Needy what I had ; but possibly, Papa will be offended at my want of prudence, which so often he has told me ought to be in generosity. And yet, though it should be imprudent to give up a guinea and a half thus all at once, I wish I had the other six and thirty shillings, to give that too. I am sure poor Needy wants it ; and if so, would fain persuade myself Papa will not condemn my generosity.—I have a thought ; I'll ask him, but go cunningly to work ; pretend I have not parted yet with any thing, but ask if he will give me leave ; for Needy hardly will go tell Papa what he has had of me. No, no, I'm pretty safe

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there, I believe: and 'tis a special method I have thought of.

Mr. WORTHY (*turning about.*)

George?—You here! What, done already?

Young WORTHY.

Yes, Papa. My master had a little business to dispatch, and told me he would make my lesson up next time he came.

Mr. WORTHY.

That's well; but where can have I laid these papers? Needy, go you down into the parlour. I came thence. Look there, and in the closet; they are tied about with scarlet tape. I must have left them there; so look about, upon the shelves and elsewhere, till you find them.

*WITHOUT A SACRIFICE. 115*

Young NEEDY.

Yes, Sir.

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*S C E N E VIII.*

Mr. WORTHY, Young WORTHY.

Mr. WORTHY.

THEY must certainly be there ;  
and till he brings them up, I have a  
word for you, George. You still put  
me off, I fancy, till to-morrow, and  
won't tell me sooner how your money's  
gone.

Young WORTHY.

No, not till then, Papa ; nor then,  
did you not absolutely wish to know it.

Mr. WORTHY.

And on my part, I have also put off  
till to-morrow, giving you the six and  
thirty shillings for the desk. H 2

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Young WORTHY.

Yes ; so you said, Papa.

Mr. WORTHY.

Well then, to let you see how much more I rely on you, than you on me, George, here's the money. I no longer look upon you as a child ; and therefore you may lay it out as you think fit, and tell me when you please the use you put this money to, as well as how you have employed the other.

Young WORTHY.

Ah, Papa, if I had parted with, or laid it out improperly, I would already have informed you ; and I know, you are so good, you would have pardoned me.

Mr. WORTHY.

That's understood.



*WITHOUT A SACRIFICE.* 117

Young WORTHY.

But I may lay it out, you say, Papa,  
as I think fit; then I suppose I may  
bestow it on poor Needy?

Mr. WORTHY.

Certainly you may; and yet—

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*S C E N E IX.*

Mr. WORTHY, Young WORTHY, and  
NEEDY.

Young NEEDY.

I Have not found the papers, Sir;  
they are not any where below.

Mr. WORTHY.

That's strange! I can't imagine  
where I've put them! 'Tis of very

H 3

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little consequence, however; so give over looking for them, and go home. You've done enough; your parents possibly may want you. Work then the remainder of the day for them. They have worked long enough for you.

Young NEEDY.

Ah, sir, I'll never spare myself in working for them; and if only I had strength sufficient——God however's above all, and will not let us starve.

Mr. WORTHY.

Well said, my little man; so go, and God be with you.

Young WORTHY, (*aside, repeating what his father said,*)

I may lay it out as I think fit—I'm very glad of that, and now may take my resolution.—Come, I'll shut

WITHOUT A SACRIFICE. 119

the street-door after you, my poor dear Needy, if you give me leave, Papa?

Mr. WORTHY.

Yes, go; but don't stay long; I want to have a little conversation with you.

Young WORTHY.

Oh, and so do I with you, Papa.

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S C E N E X.

Mr. WORTHY, (*alone,*)

I Can't tell what to make of this! That George should give his money to poor Needy first, and then ask leave to do so! Can he mean to add the fix

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and thirty shillings to the gold he has already parted with? I can't think that; and yet, if not, why ask if he may do what he has done before-hand? I have pledged my promise to the little Nedy, that I will not seem to know a syllable about his generosity; and that confines me; so that I must rest content with giving him such general instructions on our duty to be charitable, as may come into my head: but he's returning.

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*S C E N E XI.*

Mr. WORTHY, Young WORTHY.

Young WORTHY.

**T**H E good little fellow! Only think, Papa! he told me, he was glad

*WITHOUT A SACRIFICE.* 121

you had dismissed him, as he wanted to go home, not having seen his mother since she knew this morning how much money you had given his father. He was sure, he said, it must have comforted her very greatly.

MR. WORTHY.

Did he say so?—But why not? Since I that gave it, could not but be greatly comforted, in the idea of relieving a whole family's distresses. Let that rest, however, for the present. You remember what you asked when we were interrupted.

YOUNG WORTHY.

Yes, Papa; if I might give my money to the little Needy. You said; but were upon the point of adding something.

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Mr. WORTHY.

So I was. You may indeed allot your money to whatever use you please : but more especially, bestow it on a family that I myself these three months past and upward have assisted ; and yet George, shall I inform you I have shewn them no one instance of my bounty, but before I settled within myself to go without some pleasure or enjoyment : as, for instance, when last week I paid the baker, I considered I had no occasion for a picture I had seen at Christie's and design'd to purchase, if it went higher than four guineas. Of the sum, I paid the baker fifty shillings and refused to buy the picture. I call a sacrifice ; and not to men-

*WITHOUT A SACRIFICE.* 123

that the sacrifice attending generosity or charity, is necessary to a man of moderate circumstances, for the constant practice of the virtue, I assert there can be no degree of merit in your generosity and charity, unless you have beforehand made a sacrifice: that is to say, unless you have resolved beforehand to debar yourself of some enjoyment or convenience. Now, as I take care to let this virtue always cost *me* something, I hope, George, you will not think it hard to imitate me in your little way, as far as you are able?

Of the Young WORTHY.

But, Papa, you know I have no sacrifice to make. I have renounced

the desk already ; so I cannot instance that.

Mr. WORTHY.

And yet, if you remember, you're to buy a pair of boots to ride in, and some fishing-tackle to divert yourself at Mr. Barham's, in the country. Now inform me truly, how much of the six and thirty shillings did you mean for Needy ?

Young WORTHY.

Truly, I must say the whole, at least.

Mr. WORTHY.

Well then, you say yourself you've parted with your guinea and half. Your quarterly allowance you received last week ; and that, I know, is all disposed of. How then will



*WITHOUT A SACRIFICE.* 125

you pay the thirty shillings that must go to buy your boots, your fishing-rod and reel?

YOUNG WORTHY.

That's true, indeed: they're what I cannot go without, as Master Barham has a horse to lend me, and insists upon my riding with him every morning; and as I myself proposed the fishing party, and engaged to bring my own proper tackle with me; therefore I must absolutely have these articles: but rather than poor Needy should be disappointed, you may lend me what I want, Papa, and take it out of my next quarter's money.

MR. WORTHY.

What! submit to borrow for such things as you may do without; for

sure these boots and fishing things are  
 not so necessary as you seem to think :  
 besides you should not run in debt  
 except in absolutely needful matters.  
 If you had not a good heart, I should  
 in vain attempt to give you one ; but  
 may instruct you how to reason pro-  
 perly. If in performing a good ac-  
 tion, such I mean as costs us money,  
 we still spend as much in other things.  
 'tis nothing but a folly ; and if giving  
 with one hand, we borrow with the  
 other, we unhinge our circumstances  
 and usurp the boast of generosity ; for  
 no one virtue can exist unless it be  
 establish'd upon reason. Be considerate  
 then in every thing you do, and be  
 the boots and fishing tackle, or all them  
 poor Needy's family : but never this

*WITHOUT A SACRIFICE.* 127

you can unite the pleasure of contenting every whim or fancy, with the happiness of being useful to the unfortunate.

Young WORTHY.

Since I must chuse, Papa, I shall not hesitate a moment ; but give up the boots and fishing tackle.

Mr. WORTHY.

There will be a merit then in what you do, since there will be a sacrifice.

Young WORTHY.

I understand you very well, Papa. Whenever I regret the boots and fishing tackle for a moment, I shall think of the afflicted Needy, and forgive, or at least forget them.

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MR. WORTHY.

Yes ; and you may even say within yourself : “ If I had not been so compassionate, I should have now a pair of boots, &c. which will very soon be matters of indifference to me, just like many other things I have ; whereas, I can reflect upon the charitable action I have done ; *that* pleasure, time will not diminish in my heart. An honest and poor family have cause to bless my name, and my Papa will love me more than hitherto, when he is told it.” (*He embraces him.*)

YOUNG WORTHY.

O Papa : let me tell every thing. This guinea and a half then in the first place,—

*WITHOUT A SACRIFICE.* 129

Mr. WORTHY.

But who knocks?—Come in!

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*SCENE the Last.*

Mr. WORTHY, Young WORTHY,  
NEEDY, and Young NEEDY.

Mr. WORTHY.

WHAT Needy! My good man!  
You here again?—Has any new mis-  
fortune—

NEEDY.

Pardon us this interruption, wor-  
thy sir. My little boy has brought  
home this guinea and a half, by  
your direction, as he says.

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Young WORTHY.

No, Needy.

NEEDY, (*turning to his son,*)  
How is this?

Young NEEDY.

You've not been told the whole,  
dear Master Worthy.

Young WORTHY, (*to his father,*)

I was just about to tell it you, Papa,  
when Needy knock'd.

Mr. WORTHY, (*to Needy,*)

You seem alarm'd: but need not  
It was sent by my direction, and is  
George's present.

NEEDY.

And these six and thirty shillings?

Mr. WORTHY.

How!

*WITHOUT A SACRIFICE.* 131

Little *NEEDY*.

Forgive me, my sweet little gentleman, I said I could not take the guinea and a half, without informing your Papa; but for the other money, which you forc'd upon me, I say nothing. When I let my father have it, he was frighten'd. 'Twas so great a sum, he doubted I spoke truth; and though just getting into bed, put on his cloaths again, and as you see, is come to make enquiry.

*Mr. WORTHY.*

And did George then give you this, my little fellow?

*Young NEEDY.*

Yes indeed, sir.

*Mr. WORTHY.*

When?

I 2

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YOUNG NEEDY.

When I was going out, sir; when you sent me home.

YOUNG WORTHY.

I was just going to inform you of the whole, when we were interrupted. This was the employment I had put my uncle's present to. I was afraid I had done wrong, and therefore ask'd you, if I might not give poor Needy something? Certainly I might, was your reply, on which I follow'd him, as you remember, to the door, and made him take the other money. This is the whole truth, Papa: pray don't be angry with me.

MR. WORTHY.

Angry! I shed tears of joy on the occasion! Yes, my dear, dear, worthy,



*WITHOUT A SACRIFICE.* 133

little, fellow ! (*embracing him again*)  
So it seems then, you had made that  
sacrifice already, in the matter of your  
desk, I was advising you to make.

Young WORTHY.

I had indeed, Papa, though not be-  
cause I thought some sacrifice was  
necessary to make generosity a virtue.  
I but thought of Needy's situation,  
and desir'd to help him. I could  
find no other way. O how your  
counsel, after I had parted with my  
money, pleas'd me !

Mr. WORTHY.

It is thus with every virtue : they  
are only painful to us, if they can be  
so at all, before we set about perform-  
ing them. Till then, we take into  
consideration nothing but the sacri-

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fices they may cost us : after they are done, the noble pride they kindle in our bosom is sufficient to reward us. Needy, my good man ! my heart has been so full, I had no words for you. Now I am come a little to myself, I have to tell you every thing is by my approbation ; and the merit wholly George's. He has willingly, and of his own accord, depriv'd himself of every thing he had, to lighten your affliction.

NEEDY.

Is it possible ? My quivering lips, that speak with difficulty, have no words to thank you, as I ought, my charitable, little gentleman. You have the blessings of my wife and family ; and if—

*WITHOUT A SACRIFICE.* 135

Mr. WORTHY.

Enough, enough, good Needy! You seem very ill. Go home; I'll send the servant with you. And instead of thanking George for what he has done him so much pleasure, pray that God's good Providence at all times would continue him the blessing of a feeling heart. He finds already, 'tis the greatest gift he can receive.

Young WORTHY.

O yes indeed, good Needy!

NEEDY.

Blessed little angel!—Sir, this money let me leave with you. It is your own in some sort; notwithstanding which, accept it, as in part of what your goodness let me have this morn-

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ing. I don't wish to have the cup and cloaths ; they cannot be dispos'd of half so well as in your keeping.

Mr. WORTHY.

No, my friend, the cup and every thing besides is yours, and if at any time you can enjoy them, shall be found forth-coming, till which time I'll keep them for you. Be of comfort therefore. Neither you, your wife or children shall want any thing in your affliction. I owe more than this to Providence, for having blest'd me with so promising a son.

24 MY 92 NEEDY.

May never such a son be wanting to so good a father !

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